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赤道二三五・東南亞文學論壇讀本翻譯計畫

Ayu Utami

亞悠・塢塔米

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亞悠・塢塔米

Ayu Utami

1968 年出生於印尼茂物。亞悠的小說作品曾多次榮獲印尼文學獎項，其對印尼文化與社會發展的長期耕耘，備受海內外文化機構肯定，於 2000 年獲頒克勞斯親王獎（Prince Claus Award Laureate）。亞悠於印尼軍政府時期擔任記者，倡導新聞自由，並共同創辦印尼獨立記者聯盟（The Alliance of Independent Journalists），惟該組織後來為軍政府所查禁。蘇哈托垮臺前兩週，亞悠出版了她的第一本小說《薩滿》（1998），被認為是印尼改革階段象徵精神解放與自由的代表作。亞悠長期參與觀察印尼的民主政權體系，體認到宗教激進主義是推動社會言論自由的最大阻礙，因此她致力於實踐「批判的精神主義」（critical spiritualism），強調在尋求公共正義「真理」的同時，仍不能忘記人與人之間最基本的情感連結和精神面貌。這樣的概念在她的小說《Bilangan Fu》（2008）當中首次提出，並持續貫徹於往後的作品。

亞悠現擔任沙利哈拉藝術中心（Komunitas Salihara）文學雙年展（Literature & Ideas Festival，LIFEs）總監，與烏丹卡尤文化中心（Komunitas UtamaKayu）節目總監。

Ayu Utami was born in Bogor in 1968. She received numerous Indonesian literature awards, and was also the recipient of Prince Claus Award Laureate in 2000 for her dedication to the improvement of Indonesian culture and society. During Indonesia's military regime, Ayu was a journalist and press freedom activist. She was one of the founders of The Alliance of Independent Journalists which was later banned by the military regime. Her first novel *Saman* (1998), published just a few days before Soeharto stepped down, was highly acclaimed by literary critics and became a bestseller as well as an icon of the spirit of freedom during the political change (Reformasi) in Indonesia. In Indonesia's democratic political system, she sees that religious radicalism constitutes the main challenge to freedom of expression. Therefore, she focuses her works to the promotion of what she names as "critical spiritualism". This concept was firstly mentioned in her novel *Bilangan Fu* (*The Number Fu*, 2008) and permeates all of her works ever since. Ayu is currently the Director of Salihara Literature & Ideas Festival (LIFEs), and the program director of Komunitas Utan Kayu.

作品年表 PUBLISHED WORKS CHRONOLOGY

1998 《薩滿》 *Saman* ｜小說
2001 *Larung* ｜小說
2003 *The Single Parasite* ｜散文集
2008 *The Number Fu* ｜小說
The Moral Trial ｜劇本與散文集
2010 *Manjali & Cakrabiirawa* ｜小說
2012 *Enrico's Love Story* ｜小說
Lalita ｜小說
Soegija 100% Indonesia ｜人物傳記
2013 *The Confession of A* ｜小說
The Single Parasite ｜散文集（重新修訂版）
2014 *Maya* ｜小說
Simple Miracles ｜小說
The Zodiac Series ｜短篇故事集，與亞悠寫作班的同學合著
2015 *How-to: A Critical Spiritualist Handbook for Creative Writing and Thinking* ｜工具書
The Zodiac Series ｜與 Erik Prasetya 合著
2017 *Kartini & Katini* ｜歌劇劇本

莎昆妲羅
Shakuntala

周沛郁 / 譯
Translated by CHOU Pei-Yu

莎昆妲羅

我叫莎昆妲羅。

我父親和我姊姊叫我婊子，因為我和好些男人女人睡過（但我從來沒要他們付錢）。我姊和我父親不尊重我。我也不尊重他們。

對我來說，活著就要跳舞，而舞蹈發自身體。精卵結合後形成一小坨血肉，四十天後上天賜予呼吸，所以精神其實蒙受肉體的恩賜。

我的身體總在跳舞。因為跳舞是透過肌膚和骨骼的無盡探索，我藉由跳舞感受疼痛、受傷、寒冷、喜悅，有朝一日還會感受到死亡。

我的身體總在跳舞。我的身體臣服的不是欲望，而是熱情。崇高、肉欲的熱情。宛如迷宮。

＊＊＊

我叫莎昆妲羅。

夢境和現實有什麼區別？

當時是一九七九年。我父親把我送去一座陌生的城市。那地方很大，像座叢林，所以我去上學時，我母親總是給我兩個麵包。一個是給我吃的，另一個給我撕成小碎片沿途撒下，回家時可以循著痕跡回來。我跟漢斯與葛蕾特學了很多。他們也有個邪惡父親。

我被放逐去的學校建築非常古怪，有條河環繞建築，河水深到那深處住著古老的魚。誰也不曉得有多少老魚；老魚在河裡已經幾百年了，從來沒人看過死魚浮在水面上。這些魚游在河裡黑暗的裂隙和深溝中，魚鰭散發磷光。但牠們游到水面，魚鰭就會卡到藻類，而且因年老而行動緩慢、黑麼麼的，像極了額前一綹毛髮。牠們很少游到水面，游上來也是一、兩秒的事，留下影子和漣漪一閃即逝的印象。還有碧綠河水，青翠蘚苔。

學校的大門是靠一條鐵鏈來升降，鐵鏈油膩膩的。大門垂下時，安著尖鐵的木柵欄會形成一座橋。學生排好隊進校門之後，校長會轉動控制桿，最後大門發出轟然巨響關上，響音令人毛髮直立。想逃跑的學生會掉進河裡，給那些古代生物吞了，吃得比鰻魚吃肥肥一坨新鮮溫暖的大便還要津津有味。

我以前老愛哭泣，想回我那個寧靜的小城。可是我沒辦法逃。絕不可能。

於是我只好跳舞。

我的身體跳舞。身體旋轉、扭動，活像花苞被孩子從莖上剪下，放到溪裡順流而下的模樣。我發現我去哪，他們就跟到哪——像孩子在堤防上跟著他們在溪裡舞動的花苞。我跳完了，他們就拍手。

「嘿，新孩子，妳是哪來的？」

「我是天女的後代。」

他們哈哈大笑，笑聲大到我站不住腳。

我是天女的後代。從前我住在女眷區，那裡的孩子都會跳舞。那區周圍是巨人住的丘陵——有戽斗的巨魔、頭髮火紅的巨魔、綠巨魔、象鼻巨魔、蘿蔔鼻巨魔、紅蘿蔔鼻巨魔。還有凶惡的巨魔。**布突－布突、嘎啦克，索拉穆、隆賈卡－隆賈卡**（兇惡的大大傢伙、滾開滾開）[1]。他們既是敵人，又是騎士的笑柄，騎士鄙視他們，覺得他們是古怪、卑微的逃犯。但我愛上了一個巨魔。

1 譯註：原文：Buto-buto galak, solahmu lunjak-lunjak

女眷區就在騎士區後面，巨魔只要踏進女眷區就會被當成害獸一樣殺掉，所以我那時總是偷偷在香蘋婆樹下和他相會。我們彼此纏繞，就像王蛇如龍和普通的蛇在做愛。但園丁逮到我們，告訴了我父親。他命令騎士去抓我的愛人，我則被放逐到這個城裡。在這裡，父親夜晚會把我綁在床上，逼我記住愛情的首要規則。這些是他的教誨——第一，追求是專屬於男性的特權。只有婊子才會女追男。第二，女人應當只把身體獻給對的男人，而那人是她一輩子的依靠。婚姻就是這麼一回事。後來我長大一點之後，就斷定婚姻不過是偽善的賣淫。

在這座陌生的城市，每天日落時，我父親會下令把我綁在床上。因為我是天女的後代。但他不知道，每晚我都學著享受那種痛苦。早上鏈條鬆開時，我會欣然伸展四肢。白天我在學校上課。數學、科學、社會、建國五原則的國家意識形態，還有工藝課。

其他學生對我嗤之以鼻，一個個開始躲著我。

只有一個女生聽我說話。我從來不知道她是相信我說的話，或者只是喜歡我的故事。但她站在我這邊。她名叫萊拉。她從此就成了我的朋友。

＊＊＊

我九歲的時候並不是處女。胸部還沒發育的女生不算處女。不過有件事我沒讓父母知道：

我父母聽到我和一個巨魔幽會的風聲之後，我母親揭露了一個大祕密：我其實是瓷做的。瓷做的雕像、杯盤有濃淡不一的藍色、淡綠色，甚至褐色。但那些瓷器不准有任何裂痕，否則就遭人丟進垃圾堆，或是拿去裝飾墓碑。我母親說我只要保有處女之身，就永遠不會碎裂。我聽了很震驚：我怎能保有我還不曾擁有的東西呢？她說我兩腿間有三個洞，絕不要碰中間那個，貞操就藏在其中。後來我才發現自己毫不特別，我失望極了。原來所有女生都一樣。女生只能當茶壺、碗、盤或湯匙，女生都是瓷做的。那男生呢？他們都是象牙做的；而所有象牙都有裂痕。我長大之後，發現女生其實也是血肉之軀。

我父母發現我和森林裡的巨魔在交往的時候，給了我第二個忠告：貞操是女人獻給她丈夫的禮物。而貞操就像鼻子——沒了就沒了。所以結婚前絕不能失去貞操，否則妳就是賠錢貨。但我被送來這個陌生地方的前一天，我做了個決定。我要把我的貞操獻給我的巨魔愛人。

最後那一晚，我在泛紫的月亮下溜去涼亭，用茶匙把我的貞操挖出來。看起來像紅色的蜘蛛網。我把那東西放進一個哲帕拉木盒裡，交給阿狗。阿狗其實是我和巨魔之間的信差。

＊＊＊

我愈來愈懷疑巨魔其實不是來自印尼本地；他們應該是在歐洲搭上尋找東印度群香料的船。他們頭髮糾結，而且從西方來，身軀在甲板上被太陽燒灼，皮膚都烤熟了。空氣也鹹鹹的。異教的巨魔帶著他們的教士，教士也是異教巨魔，他們在爪哇島和峇里島遇到褐皮膚的少女赤裸裸地在河中起舞。女孩和年紀較長的婦女在沐浴、洗滌。其實清瘦的褐皮膚男人也在河裡洗澡，但眼

睛只會看到想看的東西，不想看的就視若無睹。

要是我沒自己認識一個巨魔，我也無從知道他們在想什麼；那個巨魔冒險深入內陸，偷看我在山丘邊一個山溝裡起舞，那時我胸前一絲不掛。但我知道有東西在潛伏，因此我坐到一塊岩石上。這時他從一叢樹葉裡鑽出來面對我，我沒拿衣物遮住胸部，他詫異極了。

他說：「妳是誰？」

我答道：「這裡的人一天洗兩次澡。」

然後他就來吸吮我的乳頭，吸個不停，並且跟我說了他的故事。這是他第一次航行到這麼東方。雖然大海讓人覺得地球是圓的，但目前他還不相信他能回到西方。他國家的人覺得東方人有著奇怪的風俗。東方男性的陰莖上有飾品，有的附著在陰莖表皮，有的植入皮下。東方女性不知羞恥，挑起她們男性的性欲，連陌生人也不放過，她們沉溺性愛，毫無禁忌。接著他遞給我一本日誌：

未曾認識我們天主的土地上，那裡的民族崇拜淫神。他們純粹為了下流的歡愉而用大鍋煮植物的根，做出許多藥劑，還立起肉體交合的雕像。萬一看到他們的女性，千萬要別開目光，因為她們有魔力。他們的男性為了滿足他們女巫對夢淫魔的飢渴，被迫用嚇人的物品傷殘生殖器（有骨頭做的珠子，也有動物毛皮），因為這世上沒有人的陰莖和魔鬼的一樣大。女孩恬不知恥地裸露胸部，她們胸部像兩顆木瓜一樣掛著（我會替大家把這種水果帶回歐洲）。那水果的果皮發酸，但果肉很甜。種子有如乳頭。（VDC，事奉我們周遊各地的主，一六三二年）

我笑彎了腰。

他問道：「為什麼？難道妳沒用妳的裸體令我意亂情迷嗎？妳的乳房有如巧克力牛奶。」

然後他脫下長褲。我發現陽光烤黑了他的腰、胸膛和胳膊。我說了我的故事：

我國家的人說到你的土地和我們的土地、你的人民和我們的人民。我們是東方的高貴民族。你們則是西方的貧困之人。你們的女人穿比基尼上街，毫不在乎貞操。你們的男女學童沒有婚姻關係也住在一起。在我的國家，結了婚的成人才能發生性關係，即使他們十一歲就結婚、被視為已經成熟也一樣。你國家的人在電視上發生性關係。我們不會在電視上發生性關係。我們保有偉大東方的基礎。你們西方的風俗並不高尚。

然後我遞給他一份我原本用來包內褲的報紙。報上報導了官僚對於電影和消費品（還有峇里島庫塔海灘的遊客）帶來西方文化的危險性有什麼看法。《羅盤報》，一九九五。

他顯得迷惑不已。「這是什麼地方？」

我說：「我們不是在二十世紀嗎？」

他仍然大惑不解。「這地方好奇怪。我怎麼可能同時身在兩個時代？」

我說：「時間這東西妙得很。時間怎麼能分割現在的我們和過去的我們？」

而東方與西方顯然是很奇怪的概念，因為我們那時是一絲不掛地在討論什麼叫得體。

＊＊＊

我叫莎昆妲羅。

我常覺得我體內有兩個人，一女一男共用一個別人選的名字。

我不記得我是什麼時候開始知道我是女生，正如我們不再記得我們是什麼時候開始記得事情的。我猜我父母從我還不會說話的時候，就不斷告訴我：妳是女孩子。我不會說話，要怎麼爭辯呢？

但有一天，我內在的那個男人出現了。沒人告訴我，他也沒自我介紹，但我知道他是我內在的那個男人。他是在我還很小的時候出現的。那時我像紡錘頭一樣跳舞。我像跳舞的伊斯蘭托缽僧一樣轉圈圈，直到我的裙子像風鈴草一樣膨起來，我的外陰部有如蝶豆花一樣綻放。加速度讓我的

身體輕飄飄，因此我踮著腳尖。像桃花心木的種子一樣輕巧。然後我飛起來，感到有東西脫離了我——就是他。我內在的那個男人，我的那個男人。他愛我。他吻了我的額頭，沒有離開。

＊＊＊

我有個哥哥。他是我父母的頭胎孩子。我父母認為男人比較理性，女人比較情緒化。所以男人負責領導，女人負責愛；男人建造、女人維持。男人創造子女，由女人產下。我父親教我哥哥運用頭腦來掌控他的身體和這世界。父親認為我天生不是那個料，因此從來沒強迫我做那些練習。「女人是肋骨變的，因此容易屈服，而男人應該把她們彎直。」（〈信件十四〉，一二六六）。

這是我父親的第一個教誨。他引述道：「女人的尿液比男人的臭多了。（NS，一九八七）。比較一樣男女的廁所就知道。但他們的糞便聞起來一樣。所以啊，兒子，巨魔老遠就能聞到。他們像鯊魚分辨出肉塊的方向一樣，可以嗅出處女的氣味。」

我父親給他長子的第二個教誨，是要兒子爬上一棵棕櫚樹。那時我哥哥還不到九歲。父親把他帶到一棵椰子樹前，那是父親年輕時種的椰子樹。當時那棵樹已經十五公尺高了。他說：「兒子，男人就該待在頂巔。」他手指指向那堆椰子。「士兵變成指揮官之前，應該先當塔裡的守衛。好了，我的騎士，把這棵椰子樹當成你的塔，保衛你妹妹，提防在遠方聞聞嗅嗅的巨魔吧。」

樹太高大，我哥哥哭了，喊道：「叫女生自己照顧自己啦！」風吹下一片椰子葉，椰子葉掉下來搧了他頭上一記。他覺得那是預兆，要是他爬上去，一定會跌下來摔死變成鬼，只剩一顆椰子似的頭；他哭得更慘了。我父親揚起一根藤條打了他屁股，留下一條條紅印子。「女生才會哭。你要勇敢！」

他哭著說：「我不想變成鬼！」

「鬼才不存在。可是巨魔存在。」

我父親把他的手反綁在椰子樹上，他還哭個不停。父親威脅兒子說，他要讓他站在那裡，直到黑暗引來巨魔和吞噬月亮的巨人。這晚不會有月亮，所以那些怪獸會啃食小孩的血肉，或吸食他柔嫩的腦子。侏儒靠近你時會唱歌。有戽斗的巨魔、頭髮火紅的巨魔、綠巨魔、茄子鼻的巨魔。凶惡的巨魔。布突－布突、嘎啦克，索拉穆、隆賈卡－隆賈卡。

我哥哥打著哆嗦。我父親的語氣溫柔了點。「兒子，只要對自己吼，『不准哭、不准哭、不准哭……』，你就不會再哭了。如果你對自己吼，『勇敢、勇敢、勇敢……』，你就會找到你的勇氣。」

我哥哥聽從了。雖然他眼中仍然湧出淚水，但他唸著要勇敢。父親解開他的手，他就開始往上爬。我聽見他的聲音說「勇敢、勇敢、勇敢……」，直到他爬到很高的地方，我幾乎看不見他，直到搖曳的椰子遮住他為止。他不再有動靜，我擔心極了，生怕他消失不見，或是繼續爬著看不見的豆藤往天上去。風時不時吹得椰子葉搖曳。

一段時間之後，我父親要他爬下來。我看到他緩緩爬下。不過我聽見他的咒語變了。「別受傷、別受傷、別受傷……」他回到地上時，我發現有隻壁虎咬著他的無名指。無名指流血了。但他沒哭了。

我們深信壁虎咬人會咬到打響雷才會鬆口。這時候還不是雨季，所以父親把他兒子帶到充滿灰燼味的廚房，把他顫抖的手指放到木托盤上，然後用刀一刺。刀子刺中離他指尖三公釐的地方，把那隻爬蟲類切成兩半。誰也沒尖叫。父親心滿意足地微笑，因為我哥哥不再哭了（或許他一輩子都不哭了）。

從此哥哥就深信心靈可以駕御身體。意志能克服肉體。

他進入青春期的時候，養成一個新習慣。他每天至少會練習勃起兩次。他會跑去臥室或是廁

所，或站或躺，唸道：「站起來、站起來、站起來……」然後他就會勃起。剛開始他要用手幫忙。但他知道他應當成為騎士，所以那樣還不夠。一年後，他光靠話語就能控制他的陰莖了。接下來的練習是控制勃起的時間。時間長度可以分成三級：短、中、長。他練習到勃起時間要長要短都行。進階練習是一系列的舉重。他把重物掛在陰莖上，三天兩頭加上重量。最後他練到可以舉起我們的門閂。我老愛從鑰匙孔或抽風口偷看，所以才知道。他繼續練習到他長大，體毛變得烏黑濃密。

一天我終於忍不住跑去找他，跟他說：「你真的很雄偉！你可以當小狼狗了。」

「妳怎麼會知道？」

「因為我喜歡偷看你。」

他沒生氣。不過或許他變成同性戀了。

＊＊＊

幻想和現實有什麼區別？

我母親也叫莎昆妲羅。她也跳舞，可能是在蘇丹面前跳，也可能是獨舞。她可能是個忘東忘西的天女。

那是一九七七年的事了。我哥哥當時十八歲。他英俊勇敢，許多女人愛上了他。他給自己買了一百萬盧比的鈴木 GT 380 摩托車、幾件 Levis 牛仔褲（每件八萬盧比）、兩雙 Clarks 牌的鞋子（每雙兩萬二盧比）。我很確定他的錢是跟他上床的女人給的。跟我睡的人都沒給我錢，不過我並不嫉妒他。

我哥哥按他受的教養，事事都做到極致。他讀完高中，決定騎著他的新摩托車環爪哇島。他當然死了。摩托車在西冷（Serang）的一座軍事基地前撞向一輛軍用卡車。他的屍體放在一具密封的棺材裡送來，附註要我們別打開棺材。還有一張驗屍報告（不曉得是什麼）。他忘了繫上安全帽的帶子，而他的摩托車滑進卡車下——按他們的報告，我哥哥就是這麼死的。但他們沒把他的摩托車送回來。或許他沒留意軍事基地一閃一閃的燈光。

我母親哭了一天一夜。她打開了棺木。隔天她不再哭了，她說：「他沒死。」

「媽，怎麼可能，他已經給人埋了。」

「他沒死。」

「媽，妳開棺看了，對吧？」
「他沒死。」

最後我再也受不了我母親了。我對她說:「媽，有幾件事妳得知道。第一，他死了。第二，我其實也是男生。第三，神不存在。」我講到第二件事時滿懷熱切。

我母親楞了一下，然後哈哈大笑。「他沒死。神存在。然後妳是個女生，親愛的。妳很漂亮。」她露出月亮一般燦爛的微笑。

我放棄了。好吧，媽。我不跟妳吵了，這下子妳開心了吧。

證據有什麼用？父母都覺得他們小孩很漂亮，因此很開心。但活在幻想裡的是我母親，不是我。因為我很確定我內在有個男人，而這真相也沒讓我開心。

＊＊＊

我哥哥死了。但我母親不願意相信。

她也不肯相信我也是男生。

我不想把這祕密告訴我父親。

於是我父親不在家的一個午後，我像紡錘頭一樣跳著舞。太陽已經西落，投射到東方的影子讓我幻化為成人。我獨自轉圈，暗自希望那個男人可以分離出來，讓母親見見他。我內在的男人。我的男人。我靠影子來判斷。如果我眼中看到的影子仍是深色線條，表示我得轉得快一點。瞧啊，我的速度讓影子模糊成一片，看起來像蒙了一層塵土。但我內在的男人還是沒出現。我像個減速的陀螺，失去重心，倒到砂礫上。風不再吹了，

他仍然沒出現。我好失望。那是我內在的男人第一次傷害我。

我漸漸知道沒辦法說服我母親。每次我告訴她，「媽，我也是男生」，她連證明都沒要我證明。她完全不想接受，而且樂得這樣。她不想相信我，而我也無法確定如果她相信我，我就會開心。

英譯 /
潘．艾倫（Pam Allen）
科克．康寧漢（Kirk Coningham）
亞悠・塢塔米（Ayu Utami）

〈莎昆達羅〉摘自《薩曼》（*Saman*, 1998）和《刺榮》（*Larung*, 2000）這兩本連貫的小說。莎昆達羅是這些小說中的一個配角。

Shakuntala

My name is Shakuntala.

My father and my sister call me a whore because I've slept with a number of men and a number of women (even though I've never asked them to pay). My sister and my father don't respect me. I don't respect them.

For me to live is to dance and dancing begins with the body. God gives breath on the fortieth day after a speck of flesh was formed by the union of egg and sperm, so the spirit is indebted to the body.

My body dances. Because dancing is an endless exploration through my skin and my bones, with which I feel pain, hurt, chill, pleasure, and, one day, death.

My body dances. It submits not to lust but rather to passion. Passion that is sublime, libidinal. Labyrinthine.

*

My name Shakuntala.

What is the difference between dreams and reality?

It was 1979. My father sent me off to a strange new city. It was a vast place, like a jungle, so when I set off for school my mother always gave me two bread rolls. One to eat. The other to tear into little pieces so I could leave a trail of bread to follow on my way home. I learnt a lot from Hansel and Gretel. They had evil father too.

The school I had been exiled to was housed in a very peculiar building surrounded by a river so deep that ancient fish inhabited its depth. Nobody knew how many of them there were; they had been there for hundreds of year and nobody ever seen a dead fish floating on the water. The fins of these fish gave off phosphorescent glow as they swam in the dark crevasses and gullies of the river. But when they reached the surface of the water, their fins would get caught on the algae, sluggish and black with age, rather like a forelock of hair. They rarely surfaced and when they did it was only for a second or two, leaving a fleeting impression of ripples and shadow. Green water. Green moss.

The gates of the school could be raised and lowered with an iron chain that was greasy with oil. When it was lowered the steelspiked wooden palings formed a bridge. When all the pupils were lined up ready to go in the principal would rotate

the lever until the gate shut with a loud boom that made your hair stand on end. Any student trying to escape would fall into the river, and those ancient creatures would devour him with more relish than an eel eating a fat, fresh, warm turd.

I used to weep because I wanted to go back to my quiet little town. But there was no way I could escape. It was impossible.

And so I danced.

My body danced. It twirled and writhed like a flower bud cut by children from its stem and then set on a course in a stream. I saw them following me everywhere I went: children following their dancing flower bud from the dikes. When I had finished they would clap their hands.

"Hey new kids, where are you from?"

"I'm descended from the nymph."

They laughed so hard it knocked me off my feet.

I am descended from the nymphs. I lived in a women's compound where all the children danced. All around the compound were hills inhabited by giants: the ogre with a protruding jaw, the ogre with flaming hair, the green ogre, the eggplant-nose ogre, the carrot-nose ogre, the radish-nose ogre. Ferocious ogres. Buto-buto galak, solahmu lunjak-lunjak. They were both the enemies and the butt of jokes by the knights, who dismissed them scornfully as weird, insignificant fugitives. But I fell in love with one of them.

Because the ogres would be killed as vermin if they set foot inside the compound, which was behind the knight's quarters, I used to meet him secretly under the kepuh tree. We wound about each other like a royal serpent nagagini making love to a common snake. But the gardener caught us and told my father. He gave orders for the knight to capture my lover and I was exiled to this town. Here he would tie me to my bed at night and drill me in the first rules of love. These were his lessons: First. It is the prerogative solely of the male to approach the woman. A woman who

chases a man is a whore. Second. A woman shall give her body only to the right man, who shall support her for the rest of her life. That's what is known as marriage. Later, when I had grown up a little, I decided that marriage was nothing more than a hypocritical prostitution.In this alien city, every day at sunset my father would give the orders for me to be tied to my bed. Because I was descended from the nymphs. But what he didn't know was that each night I would learn to enjoy the pain. In the morning I would take pleasure in stretching my limbs when the chain were taken off. During the day I did my lessons at school. Mathematics, science, social science, the state ideology Pancasila, and handicrafts.

The other students sneered at me and one by one began avoiding me. Only one girl would listen to what I had to say. I never knew if she believed what I said or just liked my stories. But she stood by me. Her name was Laila. She's been my friend ever since.

*

When I was nine I was not a virgin. People

didn't consider a girl who didn't yet have breasts to be a virgin. But there was something I was keeping secret from my parents:

When they got wind of the fact that I was secretly meeting an ogre, my mother revealed a big secret: that I was actually made of porcelain. Statues, plates and cups made from porcelain come in hues of blues, light green, even brown. But they mustn't be allowed to crack, because if they do they will be thrown on the rubbish dump or used as tombstone ornaments. My mother said I would never crack as long as I kept my virginity. I was taken aback: how could I preserve something I didn't yet have? She told me that there were three openings between my legs. Don't ever touch the middle one, she said, because that's where it's kept. Later I was disappointed to discover that I wasn't special. All girls are the same. They might only be teapots, bowls, plates or soup spoons, but they were all made of porcelain. And as for boys? They were ivory: and all ivory cracks. When I grew up I found out that they're also made of flesh.

When my parents discover that I was going out with an ogre from the forest, the gave me their second piece of advise. Virginity is a woman's gift to her husband. And virginity is like a nose: once you lose it, it can't be replaced. So you must never give it away before you get married, because then you will be damage goods. But the day before I was sent to this foreign place I made a decision. I would give my virginity to my lover the ogre.

On that last night, under a purplish moon, I crept out to the pavilion and tore it out with teaspoon. It looked like a red spider's web. I put it in a wooden Jepara box and gave it to the dog. He was in fact a courier between me and the ogre.

*

I have become increasingly skeptical of the notion that most ogres originated from India; rather they boarded ships from Europe seeking spices in the East Indies. They had matted hair and sunripened skin because from the West the sun baked their bodies on the decks. And the salty air. This infidel ogres were accompanied by their priests, who were also infidels and ogres, and

in the islands of Java and Bali they met brown maidens dancing naked in the river. Girls and older women bathing and washing. In fact slim brown men also bathed naked in the rivers, but the eyes only beheld what was chosen not by the eyes.

I could not possibly know what was in the minds of the ogres if I had not acquainted myself with one of them, who ventured deeper into the interior and spied on me dancing without a thread on my breast in a ditch by the hills. But I knew what was lurking, and because of that I sat down on a rock. Then he emerged from the clump of leaves and confronted me in amazement because I did not gather a cloth to cover my breasts.

"Who are you?" he said.

"People here bathed twice a day," I replied.

Then he sucked the tip of my breast, unendingly, and told me his story. It was the first time he had sailed so far east. So far that he did not believe he could return to the West, even as

the seas made you believe that the earth is round. In his country people thought that those in the East lived according to strange customs. Their men attached decorations to their penises, on the surface or within the skin. Their women, without shame, aroused the desire of their men and also of strangers, since they indulged in sex without any sense of taboo. Then he handed me a journal:

In the land where our Lord is not yet known the races worship the lewd. they created many concoctions from roots in a cauldron purely for contemptible pleasure, erecting statues of bodily union. avert your gaze if you behold their women because they possess powers of magic. their men are forced to mutilate their genitals with terrifying objects—beads from bones as well as the furs of animals—to fulfil the thirst of their witches for incubus. because there is not a single being in this world who possess a penis as large as the devil's. the girls bare their breasts without shame, suspended like two papayas, a fruit that i will bring back to europe for all of you. the skin of that fruit is sour. but is flesh is sweet. seeds like

nipples. (V d C, servant of our Lord who journeys, 1632)

I doubled up with laughter.

"Why?" he asked. "Didn't you possess me with your nakedness? And your breast are like chocolate milk."

Then he removed his trousers. Then I knew that the sun had baked his waist, chest and arms. And I told my story:

In my country people speak of your land and our land, your people and our people. We are the noble people of the East. You, the depraved of the West. Your women wear bikinis in the streets and have no regard for virginity. Your school children, boys and girls, live together out of wedlock. In my country sex belongs to adults through marriage even if they were married at the age of eleven and regarded as already mature. In your country people have sex on television. We do not have sex on television. We have the decent foundation of the

great East. Your customs of the West are not noble.

Then I handed him a copy of the newspaper that I had used to wrap my panties. It reported on the opinions of bureaucrats about the danger of Western culture through films and consumer products. And also tourists on Kuta beach. Kompas, 1995.

He looked bewildered. "Where are we?"

I said, "Aren't we in the 20th century?"

He was still puzzled. "This is a very strange place. How could I possibly be in two eras at the same time?"

I said, "Time is a curious thing. How can it separate us from the us in the past?"

And East-West is surely a strange concept, since we were discussing decency while stark naked.

*

My name is Shakuntala.

Often I feel that there are two persons in me, a woman and a man who share a name that they've never chosen.

I don't recall when was the first time that I knew I'm a girl, exactly as we don't recall anymore when was the first time we remember things. I suppose my father and my mother told me continuously—you are a girl—ever since I didn't talk. How was I to argue when I didn't talk?

But the man-in-me appeared one day. Nobody told me and neither did he introduce himself, but I knew he was the man-in-me. He turned up when I was still very young. I was dancing like a top. I twirled like the dancing dervish until my skirt ballooned like a bellflower and my genital a clitoria ternatea. Acceleration elevated my body so I rested on the tips of my toes. Light as a seed of mahogany. Then I flew and felt something fall off: him. The man in me, the man of me. He loved

me. He kissed me on my forehead and he didn't go away.

*

I had a brother. He was the first child of my father and my mother. My parents believed that men tend to be rational and women tend to be emotional. That explained why men lead and women love. Men build and women maintain. Men make children and women give birth to them. My father taught my brother to use his brain to control the world and the body. I was never forced to do the same exercises because he was sure that I was not made for such things. 'Women were created from ribs. Therefore they tend to bend so that men should straighten them back.' (Letter XIV, 1266)

This was my father's first lesson. He quoted: women's urine stinks much more than men's urine. (NS, 1987). Do compare their toilets. But their shits smell the same. Therefore, son, the ogres can scent the smell from the distance. Like sharks they can detect the smell of a virgin like the way they recognize the direction of a piece of flesh.

This was my father's second lesson to his first son. He asked the boy to climb a palm tree. My brother was not yet nine. Father took him before a coconut tree that he had planted when he was young. Now the tree was fifteen meters high. 'A man's place, son,' he said, 'is on the top.' He pointed his fingers towards the bunch of coconuts. 'Before a soldier becomes a commander, he should become a guard in the tower. Now, my knight, take this coconut tree as your tower where you will protect your sisters from the ogres who sniff from the distance.'

My brother cried because the tree was so tall. 'Let the girls take care of themselves!' he shouted. The wind dropped a coconut leave, causing it to fall off and slam onto his head. His cry intensified because he believed it was a sign that if he climbed up he would surely fall down and die. And he would then turn into a ghost who has only a head that looks like a coconut. My father raised a rattan stick and hit the boy's behind, leaving marks of red lines. 'Crying is for girls. Yours is courage!'

'I don't want to turn into a ghost!' he cried.

'Ghosts don't exist. But ogres exist.'

His crying had not stopped when my father tied his hands around the tree on his back. He threatened the boy that he would let him stand there until darkness brought about the ogres and the giants who eat the moon. Since the moon won't appear tonight those creatures would gnaw at a child's flesh or suck on his soft brain. The gnomes would sing as they were approaching you. The ogre with a protruding jaw, the ogre with flaming hair, the green ogre, the eggplant-nose ogre. Ferocious ogres. Buto-buto galak, solahmu lunjak-lunjak.

My brother trembled. My father softened his voice. 'If you yell to yourself, son, continuously, "stop crying, stop crying, stop crying…." then you'll stop crying. If you yell to your self, "be brave, be brave, be brave…" then you'll get your courage.'

My brother obeyed. He recited the courage

even though tears were still dropping from his eyes. Father unfastened his hands and he started to climb up. I heard his voice, 'be brave, be brave, be brave…' until he got very high and I hardly could see him. Until he was covered by the swinging coconut leaves. He didn't move anymore and I was so scared that he might have disappeared or that he was actually continuing climbing an invisible bean tree up to the sky. Now and then the wind made the leaves sway.

After some time my father asked him to climb down. I saw him descended slowly. But I heard his mantra had changed. 'Doesn't hurt, doesn't hurt, doesn't hurt…' On the land I saw a gecko was biting his ring finger. It was bleeding. But he had stopped crying.

We believed that a gecko will keep biting until thunder blasts. Because this was not yet rainy season, father took the son to the kitchen that smelled of ash. He put the boy's trembling fingers on a wooden tray. He struck with the knife. It hit three millimeters from his fingertip, cutting the

reptile in two. No one screamed. Father smiled, full of satisfaction, because my brother had stopped crying. (Maybe he stopped crying for the rest of his life.)

Since that moment he believed that the mind prevails over the body. Will power overcomes the body.

When he reached adolescence he formed a new habit. At least twice a day he would exercise his erection. He would go to the bedroom, or to the bathroom, stand or lie down, and recite this: 'stand up, stand up, stand up…' And he got his erection. In the beginning he did it with the assistance of his hand. But he knew that was not good enough while he was supposed to be a knight. In the second year he was able to command his penis only with words. The next exercise was to control the duration of the erection. There were three classes of duration: short, medium and long. He learned to master all classes. The advanced exercise was a series of weight lifting. He hanged a weight on his penis and added weight from

day to day. His achievement was to lift our gate bolt. I knew it because I liked to peep through the keyhole or the ventilation. He continued the practice until he grew up and his bodyhair darken and thick.

One day, I could stand no more, I came to him and said, 'You're really great! You can become a gigolo.'

'How can you know?'

'I know it because I like to peep on you.'

He was not angry. But maybe he also became a gay.

*

What is the difference between illusions and reality?

My mother was also called Shakuntala. She danced too, maybe before the sultans, or maybe in her solitude. She was maybe a nymph who forgot things.

It was 1977. My brother was now eighteen. He

was handsome, courageous and a lot of women fell in love with him. He bought himself a one million rupiah Suzuki GT 380, several pairs of Levis— eighty thousands rupiah each, two pairs of Clarks— twenty two thousands rupiah each. I was sure that he got the money from the women whom he slept with. I never envied him even though no one ever gave me presents for sleeping with me.

In accordance with his upbringing my brother did everything to the limit. After he finished high school he decided to travel around Java with his new motorbike. And of course he died. The motorbike crashed into a military truck in front of a military complex in Serang. His body was sent in a sealed coffin with a note suggested we not open it. And a piece of an autopsy report(?). His motorbike had slipped underneath the truck and he had forgotten to fasten his helmet. That was how my brother died according to their report. But they didn't send back his motorbike. And maybe he had not paid attention to the twinkling lamp of the military complex.

My mother was crying a day and a night. She had opened the coffin. The day after she stopped crying and said, 'He didn't die.'

'How come, Mother, he's been buried.'

'He's not dead.'

'Mother, you've opened the coffin, haven't you?'

'He's not dead.'

Finally I couldn't stand my mother anymore. I told her, 'Mother, there are some facts. First, he's dead. Second, in fact I'm also a boy. Third, God doesn't exist.' Enthusiastically I mentioned the second fact.

My mother was stunned for a while, and then laughed. 'He's not dead. God exists. And you are a girl, dear. And you are pretty.' Her smile is full as a moon.

I gave up. All right, mother. I won't argue with

you any more if that'll make you happy.

What is proof for? All parents believe that their children are beautiful and that makes them happy. But it is my mother who lives in her illusions, not me. Because I know for sure that there is a man in me, and it doesn't make me happier either.

*

My brother had died. My mother didn't want to believe it.

Neither would she believe that I am also a boy.

I didn't want to share this secret with my father.

So I danced like a top one late afternoon when my father was not yet home. The sun was already down in the west and the shadow turned me into an adult in the east. I swirled alone, hoping that he would split from me so that mother could meet him. The man in me. The man of me. My shadow guided me. If I could still see it as a dark line it meant that I had to spin faster. And, look, my speed blurred the shadow and made it look like a dusting of ash. But the man in me didn't turn up. Like a decelerated top I lost balance and fell down onto the gravel. He still did not appear when the wind was gone. I was disappointed. It was the first time that the man in me hurt me.

As time went by I knew that there's no way to convince my mother. Every time I told her: Mom, I'm also a boy, she didn't even ask for a proof. She didn't want to take it, and it made her happy. She didn't want to believe me and neither would I be sure that if she believed me that would make me happy.

Translated into English by Pam Allen, Kirk Coningham and Ayu Utami

"Shakuntala" is an excerpt taken from two connected novels Saman (1998) and Larung (2000). Shakuntala is a side character from those novels.

關於莎昆妲羅

此譯本文本節錄自亞悠・塢塔米的小說《薩滿》與《Larung》。小說中女性主角莎昆妲羅的名字，出自知名梵文劇作家和詩人迦梨陀娑的戲劇作品。亞悠將莎昆妲羅塑造成一位叛逆、機智、殘酷，試圖重新創造個人與國家歷史的人物。直至今日，印尼的史學大多奠基於反殖民、愛國主義的框架之下，因此對於「西方」往往抱持著矛盾的態度與感受。

亞悠・塢塔米的第一部長篇小說《薩滿》獲得 1998 年雅加達藝術評議會最佳小說獎，亞悠也因為這部作品，於 2000 年獲頒克勞斯親王獎。莎昆妲羅同時也以戲劇作品的形式於印尼境內展演。

About Shakuntala

This excerpt is taken from two of Ayu Utami's sequel novels, *Saman and Larung*. Shakuntala is a female side character, whose name is taken from classical Indian drama by Kalidasa. Ayu makes her rebellious, witty, and bitter at the same time; a character who recreates her own personal and national history. Until now, Indonesia's historiography is very much framed in an anti-colonial patriotism that brings along ambiguous feeling toward "the West".

Saman is Ayu Utami's first novel. It won The Best Novel of Jakarta Arts Council (1998) and brought Ayu to receive the Prince Clause Award (2000). "Shakuntala" was also staged as a theatre play in Indonesia.

閱讀〈莎昆妲羅〉與《美傷》之所見所思

Thoughts and Responses on Shakuntala and *Beauty Is A Wound*

閱讀〈莎昆妲羅〉與《美傷》之所見所思

文 / 周沛郁

筆者平日的閱讀是以英美歐洲、日本的翻譯書和少數華文作品為主，因此第一次接觸到印尼作品時，其實受到一點衝擊——意識到我們和印尼的距離雖然近，但由於缺乏了解，卻又十分遙遠。

先前曾翻譯的印尼小說《美傷》的故事，從妓女黛維艾玉的荷蘭、印尼父祖輩說起，延續到她的兒孫輩，因此會隨著書中人物的經歷，看到印度和伊斯蘭教影響的傳統文化，重溫受荷蘭殖民、日本占領、獨立建國、共產黨勢力消長的歷史。印尼和台灣有些相像：一樣幾經殖民，曾為多國勢力的戰場，現代化的同時也在追尋「本土」的意義。這樣既相似又不同、又遠又近的距離，或許最適合藉由對照、比較而意識到雙方的處境、自己的盲點，以及更多的可能性。

《美傷》的故事用戲謔又帶點溫柔的方式，梳理百年歷史的糾結。好像看到女主角能瀟灑自若地渡過比奇幻故事更真實卻又更荒謬的生命歷程，我們就能比較淡然地看待尚未遠去的傷痛或衝突。亞悠・塢塔米的長篇小說《薩滿》（Saman, 1998）又不同，裡面的人物更有自覺，而且更意識到本土、外來（西方、現代）思想之間的拉扯。

本翻譯讀本這次選錄的《薩滿》段落是以莎昆妲羅為第一人稱敘述，她身處人間，卻有著不流俗（或是驚世駭俗？）的思想，同時意識到東方與西方、傳統與現代、男性與女性的衝突和掙扎。但她是男是女，是人是怪？我們有可能身處在「思想不夠先進」的社會，卻擁有比西方更開放的思想，或是看到他們的盲點嗎？或者其實先進與否只是相對的，不同社會都有自己曲折起伏的路，都有因循傳統的一面。文化有相對的面向，要指責別人傳統、保守、封閉並不難，但我們難免在某些情況堅持我們的選擇是理所當然，看在他人眼中卻顯得奇怪、過分前衛或保守。

《薩滿》中的莎昆妲羅和其他人物皆處在傳統與現代交接之際，西方資本主義思想和宗教信仰如潮水般湧入，他們不放棄自我意識，發現西方或所謂現代化的社會未必比較優越，但他們付出了在社會中格格不入、自我懷疑的代價。東方社會為了追求進步，有時會切斷和根源的連結、否定過去價值，這有時可能和勢力的轉移有關，但同時也反映了人性——和過去與傳統切割、劃清界線，認為從前種種不是我們要的，充滿希望的未來完全不會被過去的汙點沾染。這樣看似充滿魄力，反過來說也是一種逃避。或許社會和文化演變的過程難免跌跌撞撞，遇到的問題本來就該艱深難解，需要一代代的人投入。或者重點不在哪個理想的現代化狀態，而是處理這些問題時種種的嘗試和反思。

百年來的經驗也告訴我們，思想和制度都是因人、因地制宜，我們並不能光是套用其他社會長期嘗試得到的做法，就達到最理想的狀態。莎昆妲羅和其他角色經歷東、西方差異時並未一味崇洋，而是繼續主動思考、批判，他們的反應提醒了我們，所謂先進或外來的思想可以當作引子或刺激，傳統或本土可以經過自省開始改變，但絕不能拋棄自我意識或價值，這些反而是最重要的根基。

除了東方與西方、傳統與現代、保守與開放的衝突，性別和兩性的欲望與權力也是亞悠・塢塔米作品中的一大重點。在傳統刻板的敘事中，男性負責冒險、推展劇情，女性負責等待、維繫男性

主導的改變造成的斷層；男性具有主導權，女性被動承受。但在《美傷》和《薩滿》中則不然，許多轉折與變動都是由女性帶領，拯救男性，或是指出男性角色不曾思考過的方向。

莎昆妲羅和書中另一個角色薩滿不斷探索欲望與權力的關係。雖然薩滿在節錄的讀本中沒有出現，但我想談談這個角色，因為他提出了一個男性面對兩性關係轉變的可能性——不需要無力地反抗男性壓迫女性的集體指控，而是可以像薩滿一樣，主動嘗試思考兩性雙方的處境，以及兩性傳統的權力關係可能有什麼問題。

薩滿小時候曾發現母親和看不見的男性第三者之間有著無法解釋的關係，那段奇異的經歷或許讓他意識到：女性除了相夫教子的傳統面向，也有自己的欲望和夢想，只是未必見容於現實。男女都有欲望，但女性通常受到比較大的限制，在違反傳統禮教時，女性也受到更嚴厲的譴責（例如誘惑亞當的夏娃；或是薩滿的母親困於家人之間，第三者則可以消失於無形）。另外，薩滿和鄉下弱智少女互動時，明白到即使是給予的一方也要顧及對方的意願，否則對方即使是被愛的客體，也是不容許有自我意識、不能說不的客體；即使意圖看似美好崇高，依舊否定對方擁有自由意志的權力。

莎昆妲羅這角色一個有趣的面向是她和父母的關係。她因為父親壓迫、母親拒絕接納而對父母失望，視父母為敵人，這樣典型的叛逆心態卻也點出一個現象：父母既是我們的根源，也可看作是自我的投射；多少反應了迫於社會壓力，而從根本開始否認個人特質的那種焦慮。

莎昆妲羅不只有女性的自覺，更意識到自己擁有的陽性特質；而男性也多少擁有一些陰性的特質。意識到傳統觀念試圖否認、剝奪我們不符合框架的部分，或許能讓我們認清框架的真面目——不只箝制女性，也箝制了男性。而性別的界線既可模糊，兩性的角色也可能調換。男性也可以成為被動、接受引導的一方、被欲望的對象；女性也可能成為推展劇情的力量，可以引導啟發男性，甚至成為壓迫的一方。所謂的弱者在掙脫束縛時如何不成為新的壓迫者，就需要和根源的連結，加上不斷的自我覺察和自省。

Thoughts and Responses on Shakuntala and *Beauty Is A Wound*

By CHOU Pei-Yu

My reading materials are mostly translated works from Europe, America, and Japan, as well as few original books in Chinese. Therefore, when I was exposed to novels from Indonesia for the first time, I experienced a minor shock. I suddenly realized Taiwan and Indonesia were close geographically, but these two places were far away with limited knowledge about the other side.

The Indonesian story *Beauty Is A Wound* that I previously translated starts from Dutch and Indonesian grandparents of the prostitute Dewi Ayu, all the way to to her daughters and grandchildren. From their life story, we witness how India and Islam blended in with traditional cultures. We also go through the history of Dutch colonization, Japanese occupation, independent movement, and the rise and fall of communism in Indonesia. Indonesia and Taiwan are similar in several aspects. We were both colonized. We were trapped in conflicts between international forces. We search for local identity during the process of modernization. Through contrast and comparison, and in the light of the similarities and differences, we become aware of our own predicaments, blind spots, and other possibilities.

In an sarcastic though gentle way, *Beauty Is A Wound* contemplates on intricacies over a century. The main female character calmly goes through life events more realistic and ridiculous than fantasies. This may enable us to think about sorrows and conflicts not so long ago from a different perspective. In contrast, *Saman* (1998) by Ayu Utami is different, in which figures are more aware of themselves, as well as the struggles between local and foreign (Western and modern) values.

In *Saman* selected in this reader, Shakuntala speaks out from a first-person perspective. She lives in the human world with unconventional (sometimes shocking) views. She is aware of conflicts and struggles between East and West, tradition and modernity, and male and female. Is she a man or a woman? Is she a human or a nymph? When we live in a "less advanced" society, is it possible to have more open thoughts than the West? Can we identify their blind spots? Maybe, advanced or civilized is just relative. Each society has its outdated traditions and its own winding path. It's easy to criticize others as traditional, conservative and close-minded. But as various aspects of culture are relative, when we insist on some of our choices under certain circumstances, it may also seem strange, avant-garde or conservative to others.

Shakuntala and other characters in *Saman* stand between tradition and modernity. When Western capitalist ideas and beliefs pour in, they do not give up self-awareness, and they notice Western, or so-called modern society, may not be superior. However, the price they pay for the awareness is to doubt themselves, and do not fit into the society. To pursue progress, Eastern societies sometimes disconnect from their roots, and distance from old values. It may reflect a shift in power, but it may also be a result of humanity. We tend to separate ourselves from tradition, and expect everything in the future will not be tainted by the past. It's a brave move, but it's also an escape. Social and cultural transition processes are often bumpy with challenging issues, which require long-term engagements of many generations. During modernization process, attempts and reflections about various issues may be more important than a certain ideal state.

History has told us that ideas and systems must adapt to people and circumstances. We cannot reach the most ideal state by merely copying practices of other societies,which is the result of

their long-term attempts. When Shakuntala and other characters experience differences between east and west, they continue to reflect and criticize. Their reactions remind us that so-called advanced or foreign ideas can stimulate traditional and local values to evolve after self-reflections. However, we should never give away self-awareness or values, which are fundamental.

Besides conflicts between east and west, traditional and modern, and conservative and open, Ayu Utami also deals with gender issues in her work, covering desire and power of both sexes. In traditional and stereotypical stories, men go on adventures and move the plot forward, while women wait and fix the gaps caused by changes by men. Men direct, and women passively accept. It's different in *Beauty Is A Wound* or *Saman*. Many twists and changes are led by the women. They save the men, provide insights, and point out directions that men have never thought of.

Shakuntala and another character, Saman, explore the relationship between desire and power. Even though Saman isn't in the excerpted reader, I would like to talk about this character. He proposes a possible way for men to respond to changing gender relationship. Rather than weakly resisting collective accusations that men oppress women, Saman proactively attempts to think about predicaments on both sides, and what potential issues are within traditional power relationship between two sexes.

When he was young, Saman witnessed a mysterious relationship between his mother and an invisible man. Through this unusual experience, he becomes aware that women have personal desires and dreams besides family responsibilities, even though unfit to the reality. Desires are within both men and women, but women are more often restrained. While violating traditional values, women are condemned more severely, such as Eve that seduced Adam. When Saman's mother is trapped in family, the other man can easily disappear, as he is, from the start, invisible and not an object of blame. When Saman interacts with an intellectually-challenged girl in the countryside, he realizes that even the giving side has to think about the will of the other side. Else an object of love is still an object, not allowed to have self-awareness or the right to refuse. Even if the intention is noble, free will should not be denied.

Shakuntala and her relationship with parents is an interesting aspect. She is disappointed to them due to oppressions from her father and rejection and denial by her mother. She sees them as foes. This rebellious attitude has another side, revealing parents as both our roots and our projections. In this light, the parents-children conflicts may signify the anxiety under social pressure to fundamentally deny personal qualities.

Shakuntala not only has female self-awareness, but also awareness of her masculine qualities. And men also have some feminine qualities. When we are aware that traditional values try to deny and deprive unconventional aspects of us, we may understand more about how conventions dominate both men and women. The line between genders can be blurred, and roles can be overturned. Men can also be passive, directed and desired, while women can drive the story forward, inspire men, or even oppress others. As the weak free themselves from oppression, they need to connect with their roots and continue to self-reflect,so as not to become the new oppressors.

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CHOU Pei-Yu, after obtaining a master's degree in forestry, she followed her heart and became a translator. To her, translation is like magic that connects people in different culture, and deciphers what's between the lines.

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自 2007 年擔任中英口筆譯員至今，作品少有冠名。

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赤道二三五・東南亞文學論壇　點讀東南亞文學讀本翻譯計畫 About Project

赤道二三五・東南亞文學論壇

從台灣這座島嶼所在的北緯 23.5 度出發，朝赤道的方向探索，透過文學作品翻譯、邀請東南亞作家來台交流，策劃主題式的推廣活動——「作家指南逐談」、「馬來西亞讀書會」、「移動說書人」、「文學論壇」，作為不同文化間交流的觸媒與場域，在台灣與其他東南亞國家之間建立起相互認識與溝通的橋樑。

Southeast Asian Literature in Taiwan is a literature project starting from 23.5 degrees North latitude where Taiwan is located, and navigates towards the equator. The project includes work translation and direct interaction with Southeast Asian writers in Taiwan through four thematic events - "TALKS", "READING GROUP", "WORKSHOP", and "FORUM". Using these events as catalysts and spaces for cultural interaction, we aspire to build mutual understanding and communication with other Southeast Asian countries.

點讀東南亞文學讀本翻譯計畫

為使「赤道二三五・東南亞文學論壇」的進行能在文本上具備討論的基礎，我們與受邀來台之東南亞作家合作，挑選出其代表作品，邀請譯者翻譯成中文，保留作家創作時所使用的原文，收錄相關文章，編輯、印刷成小冊，方便對東南亞文學感興趣的大眾閱讀、討論。

In order to proceed the "Southeast Asian Literature Forum in Taiwan" from the basis of text, we collaborate with the Southeast Asian writers by selecting and translating their representative works into Chinese. These translated works are made into small booklets with their original version included, allowing easier reading and discussion for those interested in Southeast Asian literature.

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02 Carlomar Arcangel Daoana 卡羅瑪・雅康吉・戴歐納｜菲律賓
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04 Nay Phone Latt 尼朋樂｜緬甸
05 Norazimah Abu Bakar 諾拉茲瑪阿布巴卡｜馬來西亞
06 Ayu Utami 亞悠・塢塔米｜印尼

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我是水精靈的後代。從前我住在女眷區，那裡的孩子都會跳舞。那區周圍是巨人住的丘陵——有戽斗的巨魔、頭髮火紅的巨魔、綠巨魔、象鼻巨魔、蘿蔔鼻巨魔、紅蘿蔔鼻巨魔。還有凶惡的巨魔。

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